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introduction, appears in its fourth edition revised and enlarged by Miss Bean, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital Training School for Nurses. The book has grown considerably since its first edition, and the present volume conforms with the changes made in the newest edition of the United States Pharmacopoeia, and many new drugs and new preparations are added. It is very pleasant to Miss Dock's friends to find her book well mentioned by the *Medical Journal* (New York) and other publications.

THE PHYSICIANS' VISITING LIST FOR 1906, Published by P. Blakiston's Sons Co., 1012 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., provides memorandum space for twenty-five patients per week and includes very complete tables of signs, incompatibility, poisoning, the metric system, doses, and a new complete table for calculating the period of Utero Gestation. It is in pocket form and could be used with great convenience by nurses.

THE LONG DAY. The True Story of a New York Working Girl as Told by Herself. The Century Company, New York.

The popular saying that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives," is a very lame excuse often employed by stupid people, who use it in the belief that ignorance may be used like charity, to cover a multitude of sins. Of course, the saying can be used from any point of elevation from the highest to the lowest, and *vice versa*; but the favorite is the safe, comfortable, well-provided outlook of the better class, who perhaps are called upon to view the social disaster of some one in the lower walks of life and after the usual proper expression of regret comes the pat saying, and the subject is dismissed. Only occasionally some meddler or busybody may refuse to shelve the unpleasant topic without some inquiry, and introduces the unwelcome query, Who's to blame? Am I? Are you? Such a one was this New York Working-Girl when she wrote down the plain, uncompromising, hideous story of her efforts to keep life in her body honestly, without demanding decency, safety, or any of those surroundings which are blatantly and confidently proclaimed as the birthright of every American woman and the free gift to every alien women who comes to make this glorious republic her home.

A book almost without a man in it,—just a few impersonal shadows of men, if we except "brother Mason," the Moody and Sankey convert who on week days pilfered spices and perfumery for his lady and on Sundays as "supe" of the Mission Sunday School, did his "dirty best to push the gospel news along"—yet surely it is a book to be read by men

as well as women. Perhaps it is unfair to suggest that the men of our public school system are to blame for the existence of such a class of girls as formed the staff under Annie Kinzer at "Springer's," for, after all, the school system of New York stands well in comparison with other places. The laws governing compulsory education are just and wise; but who knows just how hard it is to enforce those laws, how near to impossible? The festering evil of child labor grows steadily, parents and employers connive to keep children at work when they ought to go to school, and the result is the "Phoebes," the "Celies," etc.,—slovenly drudges, ignorant, beyond conception, without religion, with their ideals formed in the school from which they draw such literature as "The Banquet in Misery Hall," "Little Rosebud's Lovers," etc. Is it possible that these girls can have had the eight or nine years in school which the law requires that they shall have had before they are allowed to take out their working papers? Then for that terrible home for working girls? How can it exist under such conditions if our State Board of Charities is anything more than a name. "The Board is required by law to visit, inspect, and *maintain a general supervision*, of all institutions, societies or associations which are of a charitable, eleemosynary, correctional or reformatory character, * * * and to make an annual report to the Legislature." It would seem that our respectable legislating body is fathering some curious institutions.

One feels inclined to quarrel with Miss Rose Fortune for allowing herself to be extricated from the difficult position by a seeming accident. One would like to see so good a fighter win alone, but when we realize that this is a true story we must be grateful for her rescue at such a terrible climax in her misfortunes. Every reader will echo the author's wish that some of the great capitalists of New York would be moved to invest some money in working-girls lodgings or hotels. We want no more *homes*, but surely there are men who would willingly invest with the idea of getting small interest on their money if they might have big dividends from the satisfaction of knowing that they have made it as easy and safe for a working woman to find temporary hospitality as it is for men. The Mills' hotel for men it is believed, have justified their founder in the wisdom of his experiment. Is there anyone who would do as much for women and girls? We hardly agree with the author regarding religion,—not, indeed, when she says that she believes "in the supreme efficacy of organized religion in relation to womanhood and all that pertains to womanhood," but in her implied idea that the church must adapt itself to the people. Surely we have had evidence enough that until the people themselves seek the church and get

into proper relation with it and proper attitude toward it, the church will be no great power in the life of any class of people.

The author concludes her summary of the reasons for the wrongs, social, economic, and moral which surround the working girl, with the opinion that the ultimate working out of this vexed question lies with the working girl herself. She alone knows the conditions, and from her must come the consideration of the question of how to attack and correct existing wrongs. And here the author sees no hope of present activity. No; the Moonlight Maids and Pleasure Clubs seem to the average working girl of the factory class more desirable than plunging into new difficulties. She has grown used to her chain and ball. If things are bad there is no telling how much worse they might be, and so they struggle, patiently, through the Long Day.



"You have been with that firm a long time," said the old school friend.

"Yes," answered the man with the patient cast of countenance.

"What's your position?"

"I'm an employee."

"But what is your official title?"

"I haven't any official title. It's like this: When the proprietor wants something done he tells the cashier, and the cashier tells the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper tells the assistant bookkeeper, and the assistant bookkeeper tells the chief clerk, and the chief clerk tells me."

"And what then?"

"Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to go and do it."—*Judge.*

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION OF EGGS IN HOSPITALS.—There are four thousand hospitals of all kinds in operation in the United States. This does not include institutions for special classes of cases like consumptive or epileptic homes, or hospitals for alcoholics. The annual expense of running these four thousand hospitals is three hundred and fifty millions of dollars. As a single item indicating the vastness of hospital management it is carefully estimated by reports from superintendents that they consume annually sixty-five million dozen of eggs.—*Deaconess Advocate.*